GERMANY'S CAMOUFLAGED PEACE TRAP

Chance to Exploit Eastern Conquests to Prepare for Future World Dominion Her Greatest Wish To-day—Balfour Statement Aimed to Force Kaiser Into the Open

By P. W. Wilson

American Correspondent of "The London Daily News"

YOU must not misunderstand Mr. Balfour's statement in the House of Commons last Thursday. It is an obvious commonplace that Great Britain will be ready at any time to hear of properly authenticated peace terms coming from Germany. President Wilson has said the same thing, and apparently the meaning is that hole-and-corner negotiations, which commit Germany to nothing, are not in themselves a basis either for an armistice or a round table talk.

Berlin has approached all the Allies in turn, and in Britain's case, as in the others, she has been told, quietly but firmly, to lay her cards on the table for all the world to see. Instead of doing this, she puts nothing on paper, but sends out secret emissaries with informal messages designed to create dissension among the free peoples rather than to promote a general democratic peace.

Let us pay, first of all, our tribute to France and Italy, which countries, despite every artifice of German propaganda, working in each case through Switzerland, have steadily resisted the most seductive bribes. It is a loyalty at once heroic and far-sighted. For, of course, it is Germany's object, by means of alleged though unreal offers which commit her to nothing, to get a conference. There is no certainty that at such a conference she would fulfil expectations, even as regards the Western frontier. At any moment she could use her occupation of Belgium and the French provinces as a weapon for demands not now disclosed. Her fortification of Antwerp and the Belgian coast does not look as if it were intended to be temporary. She rules all these territories as if she meant to remain there. Our armies have not, in fact, turned her out. This is the first reason for suspecting her doves of peace.

Makes Appetizing Peace Terms

As generally understood, her alleged proposals are, broadly, as follows:

Belgium is to be restored, France is to be evacuated and a part of Alsace-Lorraine, to include Strassburg, handed back. Moreover, Austria-Hungary will be compelled to surrender the Trentino and Trieste. But, on the other hand, the Central Powers will be left permanently in control of what they hold to-day in Russia and Poland. As for the German colonies, they will be traded for whatever indemnities the Central Powers owe to the countries which they have despoiled. That is the plan, and it is by no means the first time that we have heard about it. President Lowell of Harvard is fully justified when, in set terms, he denounces it as impossible.

It is very clever. On paper it seems to give Belgium and our Latin allies those territories to which they can lay claim on racial grounds. Even England is to be conciliated. The British Empire would be increased by Palestine and Mesopotamia, while Japan would obtain Kiao-chau. Really, at first sight, it looks almost as if Germany were in a generous mood, especially with other people's property. And I do not doubt that she would be most happy to end the war on these terms. The Allies, on their side, have been let down by Russia and cannot be expected to feel any enthusiasm for a country which has lost enthusiasm for itself. There is no treaty—no debt of actual national honor—that binds us to the Russian cause, and Mr. Lloyd George has gone so far as to tell our Labor party that Britain cannot be held responsible, which means solely responsible, for Russia's liberation. It was after this pronouncement that Woodrow Wilson came forward with his fourteen points, which included Russia, and the position is thus: that a war aim which was beyond Britain's strength when she stood alone becomes both obligatory and possible when she stands side by side with the United States and other free peoples.

Merely Temporary Arrangement

Next, let us suppose, merely for the sake of argument, that peace did come about, fairly and squarely, on the assumed German lines. For a considerable period, doubtless, there might be a general disinclination to upset things. After the war of 1870 discharged German soldiers caused considerable anxiety and Bismarck thought it prudent to grant industrial reforms. But in a few years the autocracy, which dictated history in the schools of the Fatherland, got its own way again, and, flushed by past victories, the people, and especially the rising generation, prepared for fresh wars. By her so-called proposals Germany would lose a part of Alsace-Lorraine, some not very impressive regions in tropical Africa, and her Bagdad Railway. But to her own people she would represent the loss as merely for the time being and in the interval for recovery she would fasten her grip on Finland, Lithuania, Esthonia, Poland, Austria-Hungary and most of Turkey. The Bagdad Railway was at best an exposed and attenuated route to the Indian Ocean. By the proposed peace Germany would march in broad columns through Persia to the Gulf. Her theory that Might is Right would have been triumphantly vindicated.

See what she would mean in Western Europe. For the moment England, France and Italy might be consoled by flattering gifts of valuable provinces. But the autocracy which granted the boon could at any time revoke it. Our right to exist would still be enjoyed only at the point of the bayonet. Not only England, France and Italy, but all the smaller countries, in Scandinavia, the Balkans and the Spanish Peninsula, would say to themselves that never again can the German armies be safely resisted. Germans themselves, by exercising this terror, would inevitably formulate further dreams of aggression. They would first develop their latest Naboth's vineyard to the east and afterward they would ferment its fruits into the awful vintage of further war, which blood-red wine our children would have to drink to the dregs.

With the entire populations of Austria-Hungary to draw upon, Germany could afford to reduce the burden of conscription per million persons and yet retain her military superiority over a continent from which Russian man power, except as used in her favor, would have been eliminated. This would mean that Germany's energies would be concentrated more and more directly on the ocean. Her navy, manned and financed by 200,000,000 people, could be increased far beyond the limits of a navy like the British, which is manned and financed by 45,000,000 people. In the Adriatic and the Ægean, in the Persian Gulf and the North Sea, German sea power would be comparable with and even superior to British sea power.

A postponed struggle would have to be endured without the help of European allies. These have frontiers adjoining Germany. And if, therefore, Germany to-day emerges victorious, such countries in the future would be terrorized into standing aloof. The one hope then for the world would be a comradeship between Britain and the new countries beyond the sea, which Germany can only reach after a naval victory.

Peace to-day on Germany's terms would thus condemn mankind in both hemispheres to years—perhaps generations—of feverish dread of this second, more terrific conflict, the brunt of which would fall, through Britain, on America.

Peace Could Not Be Lasting

In anticipation of this calamity there would be unrest on all sides. Does any one seriously suppose that Germans, who have annexed half of Russia, will calmly reconcile their minds to the loss of their mercantile marine? The idea is absurd. They will do their utmost to break down the British guardianship of the gates of the new world. One programme of naval construction will succeed another, as in the years 1900 to 1914, until the strain breaks and war ensues.

Moreover, the settlement, as defined above, would plunge not the Balkans only, but a vast belt of nations stretching from the Baltic to the Mediterranean into a welter of chronic, seething popular discontent. The hangman, the firing squad, the prison, with all the hideous nightmare of a gagged press, agents provocateurs and police surveillance, would batten the people of Poland and occupied Russia into sullen submission. This would go on for a few years, but in the end the chaos would spread until it forced the Hohenzollerns into their favorite diversion of war, as the easiest alternative to revolution.

Of security for commerce, credit and property there would be no vestige. Suspicion, rumor, hatred, fear would work among the nations like a poisonous leaven. The situation would be all the more dangerous because outside the German sphere of influence there would be a heritage of mistrust and anger, ever working unsatisfied against the destroyer of European liberty.

In the years before 1914 Americans paid little attention to the foreign politics of Europe. The Republic of the West was a "city of refuge" from those politics. But I can assure all who need the assurance that for a century the breakup of Turkey kept Europe in constant dread of war. Germany is seeking to reopen all those problems and to add to them a Russian problem, still vaster in extent and more complex. It is mad and it is criminal, and the President is abundantly justified in holding that no league of nations and no peace among nations is conceivable which leaves vast and high-spirited populations in unstable and restless bondage. Some spark would inevitably kindle a further conflagration. And Germany's naval forces, accumulated for the occasion, would make desperate attempts on American waters.

A study of Russian history shows to what a large extent Germany has influenced that country's destinies. Families of German extraction occupied the throne and most public offices. Commerce and education were in German hands and it was part of Germany's policy to keep the Slavs in helpless ignorance. The Slavonic revival of the past twenty-five years, marked as it has been by a golden age of music, art and literature, did not extend, as we should have wished, to the humdrum task of administration. Fairly honest in his own country, the quasi-German official of Russia lived by peculation and fraud, the results of which were only too manifest when the system was tested by war.

When the Germans were more or less ousted the whole fabric of the state collapsed and, in some quarters, for instance, Petrograd, the Germans are actually recalled as the only alternative to anarchy. What Russia needs is a friendly infusion of disinterested friends, from the United States especially, who will help her to organize her national life, province by province, until education has produced a solid, self-reliant citizenship. Beneath the forms of democracy there would thus arise a peaceful conflict between the backward forces of the Teuton and the forward sympathies of the American people. Russia would much prefer American to German assistance, whether in finance, railroad management or administration of justice. And here opens up for American idealism a wonderful sphere of opportunity.

America is particularly qualified for such service because, by her constitution, she accepts the fundamental principles of a Republic. The very fact that Britain lives under a free monarchy needs to be explained to a peasantry which has only had experience of Czardom. Again, the average Russian is still religious. The eagerness with which he discusses whether there is or is not a God proves his sincerity in matters spiritual. It follows, therefore, that he cannot accept Japanese tutelage without a startling reversal of his preconceived notions of belief and reverence. I stand second to none in sympathy for Japan. It is obvious that she must be found an outlet and a mission. Side by side with Americans the Japanese may do valuable work in Russia. But their policy should be co-operation and not solitary action—still less forcible aggression.

We talk sometimes about British administration in India and Egypt, and it is on the whole very good. America has her chance in Russia—a call that will test her statesmanship and her ethics to the very utmost. The other day I heard Ivy Lee describe the work of the Red Cross in Italy and France, especially among the civil population. The effect on the national morale of those countries has been wonderful. The soldiers have felt it. They fight better when something is done for their families. In Russia, similarly, social reconstruction, spreading from province to province, will be followed inevitably by military recovery. The Soviets are not wicked—they are only foolish and ignorant. With light and leading they cannot fail to respond to the claims of patriotism, and if it be true that Kerensky is on a visit to the United States a situation of the utmost significance may develop.

America Should Join Japan

If America renders no comradeship to Russia, if peace is made or even considered which leaves Russia to her present fate, consider what results will follow! Japan will be drawn inevitably into Germany's orbit and this will mean two great autocracies, the one in Europe and the other in Asia, exploiting for military purposes the vast resources and docile people of disinterested Slavdom. By joining with Japan in a common task America will bring out the best qualities of the Japanese people, and in this partnership the large Russian population in the United States will furnish not only sympathy, but much useful assistance.

American influence will tend to bring Bolshevikism back to common sense. Every revolution has in the end to make use of the bourgeoisie, and so will Russia. It is inevitable. But an American propaganda would prevent the reaction swinging back to brute Czardom, as the Kaiser desires, and would challenge the quartet of puppet princelings who are to mount thrones in the Baltic provinces.

And finally, this whole project depends upon the firm resolve of the Allies to keep grip of Germany's army on the Western front, steadily drawing off her reserves from the east and so forcing her to relax her military hold on Russia as America's moral, educative and financial influence advances. The battle in France is really a battle for Moscow, Sebastopol and Irkutsk. The whole world is involved in its result.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY—By Pierre Valdagne

Translated by William L. McPherson

Here is a war story only remotely connected with the outward manifestations of war. But it has a true war atmosphere. It reflects subtly and delicately a mood—a mental orientation—directly traceable to the experiences of war. Its charm lies in the simple and graceful suggestion of the new hold on the imagination which the ideal of unselfish service has attained in these days of common trial and suffering.

It is a spiritual idyl. Pierre Valdagne, the author, is a distinguished French dramatist and novelist, who has been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in recognition of high quality as a man of letters.

THE STAGE setting: A hospital ward, completely fitted up—a long row of white cots on either side. The stage manager strolls about, already nervous. Palard and Sagousse the two orderlies who are to carry in the wounded man on a stretcher, wrangle with each other as to who shall go first. The photographer studies the lights. The actors and the supers arrive in little groups.

"You understand," says the stage manager to Doguin, the illustrious Doguin of the Vaudeville, "it is the play of your physiognomy which will explain everything. The two women are there, near the table. You are lying down. You cannot move, but you see all that is going on. Surprise, indignation, must show in your face. You will be stunning!"

"I should like to strengthen the effect by making a movement of some sort. Is there a Sister of Charity alongside my cot?"

"Yes. The little Liaison will play the Sister of Charity."

"All right. I wish, while I am looking at the two women, to grasp Liaison's arm and to squeeze it more and more firmly as my astonishment and horror grow."

"It shall be as you wish. You can arrange it with her beforehand. Here she comes."

At the door of the ward Pauline Chantier and Georgette Hyper exclaim admiringly:

"Ah! Liaison! You are delicious!"

"You could hardly believe how becoming it is to her!"

"She lowers her eyes just as if she were a real Sister!"

"Oh! that chapelet!" cries Octavie Gratte, a little woman with nose in the air, who is going to figure in a subsequent picture.

"It isn't a chapelet; it's a rosary."

"Ah!"

And Marie Liaison gives the details of her costume to her friends. It is the habit of the Franciscans. At the waist is the rosary which so astonished Octavie Gratte.

"I have even put on these enormous slippers," adds Marie Liaison, showing her feet.

"How can you walk with them?"

"One easily gets used to it."

"I promise you a success. You will be charming, my little one."

"Oh, I have almost nothing to do!"

That was true. In the film, one of the episodes of which they were going to run off that morning, Marie Liaison appeared only in the hospital ward. She came and went graciously, between the row of cots. Arriving at Doguin's cot, she was to lift him up, smooth his pillow and give him something to drink. During the scene with the two women Marie Liaison remained motionless. She began to act again, only to quiet the emotion of the sick man, applying her hand softly to Doguin's brow.

It was little enough.

But small as the part was Marie Liaison had gladly accepted it. Since the war she had not appeared in public. Her theatre remained closed and she had found no engagements elsewhere. As well go into the movies as do nothing. It was a means of not letting herself be entirely forgotten. And many illustrious associates had set the example.

The modesty of the rôle didn't worry Marie Liaison, since it certainly assured her an opportunity to emphasize her personal charms.

It is half past ten. The reels have been run off. The stage manager wipes his brow and leads the troupe away to a new setting. Marie Liaison goes out alone.

It is necessary for her to take a long walk through a half-suburban street before she can reach the terminus of the tramway line.

She walks softly, her head bowed.

She watches the regular movement of her large, heavy nun's robe. She holds her rosary in her hand.

Little by little she penetrates into the soul of her costume.

"How happy *they* ought to be!" she says to herself.

Thronging, the souvenirs of her early childhood come back to her—fresh souvenirs of play, of laughter, of innocence.

And now a group of boys pass her in the street. They are coming home from school. They see her and stop shouting and chasing one another. Very solemnly they form in a file and salute her:

"Good day, Sister!"

A little further on an old workman takes off his cap to her.

And now, as the nun arrives at the first houses of the faubourg, the pedestrians become more numerous. They all make way for her.

What an extraordinary sense of tranquillity enters her heart! It seems to her that she can never again take part in that human spectacle whose restless agitation astonishes her. She dominates it from the outside. She regards it calmly, indulgently, with detachment. These are other beings than herself. But suddenly she shudders. She has caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror of a coiffeur's shop window and she has found herself much too good looking.

A nun ought not to be allowed to have those long, tender eyes or that delicate little nose, spiritual and shockingly non-conventical. If the people in the street should suspect her disguise!

What she fears is that they will no longer look at her with deferential eyes. She finds a pleasure in these external tokens of respect. They and her austere robe fill her soul with a novel freshness which is so delightful.

Now she has reached the tramcar, already filled or nearly filled. She will have to stand on the crowded platform. But the workmen and the little shop people push aside to make a path for her. Inside a young working girl sees her and rises at once.

"Sister, oblige me!"

She insists. Marie Liaison seats herself. She lowers her eyes obstinately. She hides in her big sleeves her hands, much too white and too well cared for. Her neighbor, an honest old gossip, who, over her basket, is reading a fiercely anti-clerical newspaper, seizes the opportunity to engage her in conversation.

"Sister, have you nursed some of the wounded? Because I have a son"——

Marie Liaison, without lifting her head, replies evasively, and, so far as she can, resumes her meditation.

She thinks, that in her place, many of her colleagues would amuse themselves frivolously. But she has no such desire. She finds herself happy in the isolation and peace of her new vocation.

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Marie Liaison has returned home. On the table two letters await her—one from an old friend of true and tried affection, another from a younger admirer. She doesn't touch the envelopes. She walks slowly up and down, looking at herself in the mirror.

Finally, she decides to take off the black veil, which she throws on a chair.

"Ah!" she says. "It is a shame."

Then she rings for her maid.

Child Training at Home

By Mothers Who Have Been Kindergarten Teachers

This series of articles is prepared under the direction of the United States Bureau of Education and the National Kindergarten Association. Each is written by some woman who has put her training into practice with her own children, and embodies the wisdom she has learned. If you find this series of articles helpful to you, cut them out and pass them to other mothers and thus aid Uncle Sam in reaching all the mothers of the country.

By Mrs. Ona B. Kritter

KINDERGARTEN methods, whether begun by the mother in her own home or by the trained teacher in school, are of inestimable value to the child, for character building is always made their principal aim and object.

Perhaps mothers may not have been trained in kindergarten methods, but at least they can learn how to tell a story. Any one can read a story, but telling one is much more effective and much more enjoyable to the child. Every mother should learn how to tell a story. Use your own words and choose simple and forceful ones. A bare plot is interesting to the tiny child, but many details should be supplied for the older boy and girl; they love them. Use direct discourse when possible. Be enthusiastic. Be dramatic. After the story is finished, talk it over freely with the children. Choose some stories which teach kindness to animals and some which give training in morals or good habits, but never point the moral.

A taste for the best literature can often be formed in early childhood through a wise choice of stories. This is also true of music. The songs and music used in the kindergarten are always carefully selected by the kindergartner and should be just as carefully selected for the home by mothers. Allow your children to hear only the best.

Besides story-telling and music, there are also pictures. Those which interest the child most show action and movement. Pictures are helpful because they develop the imagination and arouse creative faculties.

Although my son is only fourteen months old, he enjoys his picture-book much more if a little story is told about the pictures.

Games also aid in the great work of character building. They help to develop self-expression and originality and can also be used to teach self-helpfulness toward others. Through games children may be made to discover the evil effects of self-will and good resulting from self-control.

Act Out Stories

Play a story with your child. See how attentive he will be and what powers of self-expression he possesses.

Childhood is the time of "make believe" and "let's pretend," and play is all in all to the child. If only more mothers would learn this!

Mothers can in a degree give the training that is necessary for little children. But how much better it is, if possible, to send them to a trained kindergarten teacher. She has the proper materials to work with. Then too, the child can mingle with other children of his own age. It is his experiences with his equals that are of special benefit to him. A child will not learn things by being told—he must find them out for himself, through contact with others, who have the same needs and wants as himself.

Montessori says, "In every child, I see a possible Christ." No person besides a mother realizes this as much as the good kindergartner.

"Waacs" Proud of Their Battle Casualties

LONDON, May 10.—The first British women who, wearing their country's military uniform, ever have been wounded in battle returned from the fighting zone in France a few days ago and are now being nursed at a Red Cross hospital in London. They are all "Waacs," otherwise members of the now famous "Women's Army Auxiliary Corps," and the whole corps is proud of having members on the casualty list.

The "Waacs" have occupied an especially prominent place in the limelight of late, not only by reason of the fine account of themselves which they have given in the course of the great battle still raging, but because of a persistent campaign of calumny directed against these plucky girls—a campaign, however, to which it appears likely that the final quietus has now been given.

Not long after the present great offensive of the Hun began all sorts of wildcat rumors of disaster to the "Waacs" began to circulate at home. Hundreds of them were said to have been brought home wounded.

Then a sinister report to the effect that a large number of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps had been captured by the Germans, and this canard, until it was officially denied, naturally caused the keenest apprehension to the relatives of the girls in France. The Hun's way with women is all too well known, and the tale of the "Waacs'" supposed capture sent an involuntary shudder through the nation.

War Raging On Every Side

This tale was more or less absurd on the face of it, for the "Waacs" in France are well behind the fighting line, though by no means out of the zone of battle. The facts are that a comparatively few of them have received injuries while carrying on at the front, frequently under shellfire.

It will be some time no doubt before the full story of the intrepidity of these girls and women, all of them recruited from civilian life, with red war raging on every side of them, can be told, but one story will give an inkling of what a fine chapter in British history the "Waacs'" part in the present fighting will make.

One big British depot at the front, where a lot of "Waacs" were performing military tasks that until they came had always been done by men, began to get much too warm to suit the military chiefs who are responsible for the safety of this feminine wing of the British army. A fleet of motor lorries was promptly dispatched to bring the "Waacs" away. But when these vehicles arrived the plucky and devoted "Waacs" declined to avail themselves of the proffered "lift."

"Those lorries may be wanted for the wounded," they said. "We'll march back to the base." And march they did—fifteen miles or more, along roads that were under shellfire all the time, arriving dog-tired and foot weary, but one and all avowing themselves "in the pink," as the army phrase goes. The "pink," of course, is the pink of condition.

It is not permitted to give exact figures regarding the present membership of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, but the "strength" of the corps represents many thousands. The "Waacs" wear khaki, and their officers, including many notable women, are all of their own sex. The corps was formed to release men from the lighter forms of army work both at the front and at home, and it is now plain that the scandalous libels upon the "Waacs" which have been so industriously circulated, and which of late have seriously interfered with recruiting for the corps—a serious matter—originated with a small minority of the men displaced by the "Waacs." These latter have not relished exchanging jobs at the base to take their place in the fighting line, and apparently have vented their spite by casting baseless aspersions upon the morals of the "Waacs" as a whole.

Waacs' Morals Quite Perfect

It is not necessary to specify too exactly the stories of supposedly loose conduct on the part of the "Waacs" which have been reaching England almost ever since the khaki girls first went to France. Eventually the effect of these stories, which were common property and believed by many of those who are always ready to swallow an evil tale, became so unfortunate as to lead the authorities to send a commission of representative women to France to make a searching investigation on the spot.

Queries and Answers

Brain Capacity

G. A.—Has man's brain capacity increased and improved, let us say, within the last two thousand years? And if not what is the probable explanation of this phenomenon?

While the quantity and variety of human knowledge has increased immensely during this period, and every specialty in science, art, literature and technics makes to-day a showing of more encyclopædical works than required all the knowledge possessed by the ancients, we are to-day with regard to quality—at least, in the domain of art, literature and philosophy—hardly superior to them, and in some respects even their inferiors. This proves that, despite our accumulated knowledge, our brain faculties have neither increased nor improved. Our progress merely consists in the great accumulative possibilities of encyclopædical works, which are due to the art of printing and the developments of technics. But the parrot-like acquisition and memorization of the crystallized knowledge laid down in those works, far from improving our mental qualities, only serve to render them sterile, i. e., incapable of original thought. We forget that the child's brain of to-day is the same as it was two thousand years ago, and labor under the superstition that stuffing it with a mass of dates and names learned "by heart" did improve it. Instead, we should endeavor to disincumber the brain as much as possible, and reduce the study "by heart" to the most elementary subjects (letters, multiplication tables, etc.), incorporating the subjects of simple knowledge in well indexed encyclopædias easy of consultation. But these encyclopædias should be as little studied by heart as are our railroad guides. The brain should be saved for better work. It should be used as an instrument of thinking, understanding, reasoning, willing, judging, combining, investigating, etc., and not as a mere phonograph rendering mechanically only that which has been engraved upon it.

Vote Reforms for Hungary

M. P.—The new bill that went to the Hungarian Parliament December 21, 1917, will, if passed, increase the number of electors to 4,000,000—from 4 per cent to 20 per cent of the population. It provides that both men and women have the right to vote and to be elected to membership of the lower house if they come under the following categories:

Persons able to read and write; all literate industrial workmen who have been actively engaged in farming for at least three of the last five years and at least twenty-four years old; soldiers who have served at the front for three months, if eighteen years of age and upward; women who have studied for at least four years at an intermediate school, and soldiers' widows, if they have children.

The bill provides that voting is to be secret in the districts where at least 20 per cent of the whole population is able to read and write. The number of such districts is expected to amount to one-third of all. In the others the voting is to be open. The bill provides for voting equality for all nationalities in Hungary. Serbo-Croats, for instance, who can read and write their tongue only, have the same rights as the Magyar-speaking population. The labor movement, which has no representative in the House, would, on account of its services during the war, get 12 per cent of the seats.

Optical Illusion

B. R.—It is a matter of common observation that after fixing for a long time our eyes upon a red object it will appear to look green. What causes this illusion?

It is well known that when a ray of white light is analyzed, as by a prism, it is found to be composed of seven colors, the so-called colors of the spectrum—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet—and that when the colors of the spectrum are recombined white light reappears. If, however, we eliminate the red rays and then recombine the remaining six colors we obtain the so-called complementary color of the red, namely, green. If we eliminate the green rays the remaining rays will give red light, and so on with the other complementary colors, orange and blue, yellow and violet. Now, if the retina has been fatigued through being exposed too long to the action of red rays it will be susceptible only to the remaining six colors, and the eye, when immediately struck by the white light, will receive the impression of the complementary green color. Many other illusions are based upon the same principle. Thus, when looking for a long time through blue spectacles, immediately after their removal all objects will appear yellow. When the retina has been irritated from gazing at red fireworks the gay flames will look greenish after their extinction.